

These stories are true, and you should remember all of them, because now it's our job to pass them down. Don't embellish them. They don't need it. They are good enough with just the facts.

You will hear basketball stories. You will hear former players talk about how Smith would tell them exactly what was going to happen in a game. He would tell them what the opponent would do, how the Tar Heels would react, and how the opponent would react to that reaction. Then it would happen, all of it, just as he described.

These stories are true. We know this because we sat in Carmichael in 1974 when his team came back from eight points in 17 seconds against Duke with no three-point line. I just told that story to my children on Saturday night when we drove home from the airport after returning from the win at Boston College. My nine-year-old son was talking about a crazy NBA comeback he'd read about.

"Do you know," I said, "that Carolina came back from eight points down in 17 seconds with no three-point line?"

"Whoa," said my daughter. "Is that true?" It is true.

Those of us of a different generation than the Carmichael crowd were in the Smith Center when Smith's simple act of calling a timeout so shook a top-20 opponent that they meekly crumbled. I will forever believe that's what happened when Smith took a timeout after Henrik Rodl made a three-pointer against Florida State with less than ten minutes left on the clock in 1993. Rodl's three-pointer had cut the FSU lead to 17 points, 17 points!

It didn't matter. All that mattered was that the Florida State players and coaches knew Smith thought a comeback was possible, or else he wouldn't burn one of his precious timeouts. And if Smith thought a comeback was possible, then it was possible, and he's done this before, you know, and uh oh, there went another turnover, and it's getting kind of loud in here, and pretty soon Carolina had an 82-77 win.

That was true. That happened. Dean Smith called a timeout, and Florida State wilted.

And yet despite all those wins, we know exactly how uncomfortable Smith was with celebrating any of them. I can report, with authority, that with much cajoling from his players, he once did the "raise the roof" gesture after his Tar Heels won the 1997 ACC Tournament championship, and then again after earning a spot in the Final Four. It was the mid-1990's. Everyone made mistakes.

Otherwise, however, the man who never looked flustered on the sideline looked completely awkward in victory. He would almost apologetically shake the other coach's hand. If it happened to be an ACC or NCAA championship, he would try to disappear while the nets were being cut, so unwilling was he to climb the ladder and be the focal point of the fans and players.

Most of the time, those of us in the stands would chant, "Dean! Dean! Dean!" when he was finally persuaded to cut the final snippet. It seems a little disrespectful now. But it was the 1980s and 1990s. All of us made mistakes.

It didn't really matter, because he would act like he didn't hear us. With scissors in hand, before cutting the first strand, he would point to every manager, player and assistant coach he could find.

That was true. That happened after every championship, and there were a lot of them.

There are also those who will tell you those championships are completely insignificant. Funny thing about the people who most often say that: they are invariably the ones who knew him best, the ones who most understood his true character.

"I can't put his impact on me into words," Phil Ford said of Smith. "I don't know where I'd be without him in my life. He's been such an influence on me, and a friend and a brother and a father figure . . . Before I chose North Carolina, I felt that Coach Smith would be there for me my entire life. I was right."

Imagine that. A 17-year-old boy felt Dean Smith would be there for him for his entire life, and 40 years later, he still believes it. Wouldn't you like to have one person say that about you in your life? Dean Smith has—this is not an exaggeration—hundreds.

"All of that is credited to him," Michael Jordan once said of his career. "It never would have happened without Coach Smith."

These quotes mean a lot to us because they are from Phil Ford and Michael Jordan. But what Smith knew, and what he made every one of his players feel, is that the number of points they scored for him made absolutely no difference. My father and I had a joke in the mid-1990s. Carolina had a player named Pat Sullivan who was not at all flashy. At various times, he played on teams with George Lynch and Eric Montross and Rasheed Wallace and Jerry Stackhouse, much better-known players who were prone to occasionally doing the spectacular.

It never, ever failed: Stackhouse could have had the most ferocious dunk of the season and Wallace could have thrown down an absurd alley-oop and Montross could have had a double-double and Lynch could have had the game-winning steal. Then, in the car on the way home, we would turn on the Tar Heel Sports Network to hear Smith's postgame comments and seemingly every time, they would start with, "Well, Pat had a good game," because he had set a screen to free a teammate for an open shot that the teammate missed.

That happened. Pat had good games. Dean Smith talked about it. At the time, we laughed, and yet 20 years later, we still remember it.

This seems like the right time to point out that without ever really knowing he was doing it, Dean Smith gave all of us some of the best moments of our lives with the most important people in our lives. It doesn't matter whether you attended every game in the Smith era or whether you watched every game on television. Because of the way Smith did it, and for how long he did it, we could relate through generations.

We cried in the living room (I did that, after Louisville beat Carolina in 1986 in the NCAA Tournament) and we danced around that same living room (my dad and I did that, after Rick Fox hit the shot against Oklahoma in 1990) and we high-fived in the stands.

That's what we did in 1993 in the Louisiana Superdome. My dad is an accountant and therefore spends most of March and April at the office. But when Carolina made the Final Four, he would find a way to get to the game. In 1993, he waited until the Tar Heels defeated Kansas in the national semifinals. He stayed at work two more days, then caught a flight with two connections from Raleigh to New Orleans. He slid into his seat minutes before the national championship game tipped off against Michigan, and so I can say that I watched Carolina win the national title with my dad.

We went to Bourbon Street after the game, because that's what everyone told us you were supposed to do, and so there we were—perhaps the two least Bourbon Street-ish people in all of New Orleans, including one CPA with a pile of unfinished tax returns on his desk back in Raleigh—high fiving the Tar Heel players and taunting Dick Vitale (who had picked Michigan to win the game), and we did all of that because of Dean Smith.

Without Dean Smith and Carolina basketball, I assume and hope we would have found something else to talk about and live together. But because of Dean Smith and Carolina basketball, I never have to know for sure if that's true. The people we cheered and laughed with on all those incredible days are the people we cry with—if we're lucky—today. I told my father the news this morning. Later, he texted me this:

"I am very, very sorry. It is really very sad. He was a large part of our family for many, many years and many, many fun times. We had a lot of good times and he was always there. It doesn't seem possible to me. It seems like he and the good times ought to last forever."

And so that is why this news will be devastating to so many of us, because there are so many families who this morning will be texting and thinking those exact same words. We aren't ready for it to end.

About a year ago, I was at the Smith Center on a typical weekday afternoon. A customized van was parked in the first parking space outside the basketball office, and I knew. As I walked into the basketball office, Dean Smith came out, being pushed in a wheelchair, a Carolina hat on his head.

It was awful, and it makes my eyes moisten even now to think about it. It was not at all the way I wanted to think about him. And I would like to admit something to you now: from then on, when I saw that van, I would sometimes take a different path into the building, because I wanted my Dean Smith to be the one I remembered. I wanted my Dean Smith to be the one who I mentioned my daughter's name to on exactly one occasion, and six months later when passing me in the parking lot, he recalled it perfectly and asked how she was doing.

That's my Dean Smith and I wanted that to be everyone's Dean Smith. I don't want today's students to think of him as old or sick. Understand this: this man could do anything. This man could coach and this man could help integrate a town or a league and this man changed the lives of hundreds of teenagers who played for him plus thousands of the rest of us who lived vicariously through their exploits.

It still boggles my mind that so many Carolina fans in 2015 don't even remember the era when Smith was on the sideline. He's as much a name on a building as a coach to current UNC students. It's been hard enough living in a basketball world without Dean Smith in it. Now we have to consider living in an overall world without Dean Smith in it.

I don't want to be part of that world. And luckily, I don't have to. On Monday, I will pack my son's lunch, and I will write a Dean Smith quote on the napkin. I don't know yet which one it will be, but I know that when I see him on Monday afternoon, I will ask him about it, and we will talk, and Dean Smith will be the one who enabled that to happen.

That's true. That will happen. And it will keep happening, and we are the ones who get to do it. I guess that pretty soon I will feel lucky for having these experiences and getting the opportunity to cheer for him and learn from him and admire him.

But right now I really think I want to sit down and have a good cry.

RECOGNIZING MR. RAY  
GREENBERG

HON. MICHAEL G. FITZPATRICK

OF PENNSYLVANIA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Friday, February 13, 2015

Mr. FITZPATRICK. Mr. Speaker, today I wish to extend my congratulations to Ray

Greenberg, of Upper Southampton, on being named Person of the Year by the Feasterville Business Association. A certified financial planner, Ray Greenberg is recognized as one who continues to work for the betterment of the association and its members within the Feasterville Business Association he founded. A busy schedule has not deterred him from service to other local charitable and civic groups, such as the Southampton Free Library, where, as a trustee, he has led fundraising efforts for the Library's Access campaign designed to help renovate the library and expand programming for adults and children. A 32nd degree Mason and past president of the Quaker Shriners Club, Ray Greenberg's enthusiasm and spirit of volunteerism is widely recognized and I congratulate him on receipt of this honor, as well as his continued commitment to the economic success of the community and its residents. In so doing, Ray Greenberg inspires others to follow his lead.

FATHER KEVIN CORCORAN

**HON. BILL PASCRELL, JR.**

OF NEW JERSEY

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Friday, February 13, 2015*

Mr. PASCRELL. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to recognize Father Kevin Corcoran who, after 16 years of support and service to the Department for Persons with Disabilities will be honored as Person of the Year on Sunday, February 22, 2015 at the 45th Annual Murray House Dinner Dance in Paterson, NJ.

Father Kevin Corcoran is a native of Dover, New Jersey. In 1986, he graduated from Morris Catholic High School in Denville, and upon graduation dedicated the next four years of his life to serving in the United States Air Force. He demonstrated remarkable courage and dedication to serving his country, and would continue to exemplify core Air Force values: "Integrity first, service before self, and excellence in all we do".

During his time in the Air Force, Father Kevin was stationed in Texas, Colorado, and Korea. While in Korea, he received a Black Belt in Taekwondo from the University of Seoul.

In 1999, Father Kevin answered the call to a vocation in priesthood, and enrolled in St. Mary's seminary and University in Baltimore, Maryland. Specializing in theological studies, he received both a B.A. and M.A. in theology.

His first assignment as a priest was at St. Anthony Parish in Hawthorne, where he served as a parochial vicar from 1999–2007. As such, Father Kevin carried out the functions of teaching, sanctifying and leading the people of St. Anthony's parish. He and his colleagues worked tirelessly to guide and lead the community of St. Anthony's through faith and fellowship.

For several months in 2010, while assisting his mother who was ill, Father Kevin did priestly ministry at St. Mary's Parish, in Goldsboro, North Carolina.

From 2007–2012, as well as 2011 to the present, Father Kevin has served as priest-secretary to Bishop Arthur J. Serratelli of the Diocese of Paterson, in addition to being Vice Chancellor and Master of Ceremonies for Episcopal Liturgical events. Father Kevin has had the privilege to work with Bishop

Serratelli, who has shown exemplary leadership within his community, serving on multiple boards such as the Committee on Divine Worship and Chairman of the Ad hoc Subcommittee for the Review of Scripture Translations.

Through the Department for Persons with Disabilities, Father Kevin and Bishop Serratelli have greatly assisted adults with intellectual and developmental disabilities by providing residential, vocational, spiritual, and social services. Their involvement has empowered persons with disabilities to become active, contributing, and valued members of their community, and have helped them to live life to the fullest with dignity and respect.

The Department for Persons with Disabilities is an organization that is near and dear to my heart. I have attended the Annual Murray House Dinner Dance, and have had the privilege of watching their organization grow and flourish throughout the years. Father Corcoran is an exceptional man and I commend him on his achievements.

The job of a United States Congressman involves much that is rewarding, yet nothing compares to recognizing and commemorating the achievements of individuals such as Father Kevin Corcoran.

Mr. Speaker, I ask that you join our colleagues, Father Kevin Corcoran's coworkers, family and friends, all those whose lives he has touched, and me, in recognizing the work of Father Kevin Corcoran.

NAACP ON ITS 106TH  
ANNIVERSARY

**HON. DONNA F. EDWARDS**

OF MARYLAND

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Friday, February 13, 2015*

Ms. EDWARDS. Mr. Speaker, I rise today to honor the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, better known as the NAACP, which is celebrating its 106th Birthday this week.

Since its founding in 1909, the NAACP has been at the forefront of the fight to protect the civil rights of all Americans. The mission statement of the NAACP is to ensure the political, educational, social, and economic equality of rights of all persons and to eliminate race-based discrimination in the United States. It has done so by advocating and influencing the passage of landmark legislation ranging from the Civil Rights Act to the Voting Rights Act, and monumental court decisions such as the holdings in *Brown v. the Board of Education* and *Smith v. Allwright*.

Maryland's 4th Congressional District, made up of portions of Anne Arundel and Prince George's Counties, is the only majority minority suburban district in the country. So I can speak from personal experience to the accomplishments of the NAACP that have impacted my district and constituents.

The NAACP has had a presence in Anne Arundel County since 1944 and has done much to advance the cause of civil rights for its residents. Just as was the case in many other counties across the nation, Anne Arundel County operated under Jim Crow laws until the latter half of the 20th century. Segregation was the law of the land and the County's African-American residents experi-

enced racial discrimination in all aspects of their lives. The NAACP was central in the fight to combat these injustices and worked over the following decades to expand voter participation, legally challenge the segregated school system, and bring the equality of opportunity to Anne Arundel County.

When Hester V. King founded the Prince George's County chapter of the NAACP in 1935, there were 60,000 people living in the county, approximately 10 percent of whom were African-American. But, as in many parts of Maryland, the population exploded in the decades after the Second World War. African-Americans made up a significant part of this population expansion, but found they continued to encounter racial discrimination and segregation. During this transitional period, the NAACP was involved in numerous civil rights issues in Prince George's County, from the legal challenges that led to the elimination of the dual school system to the creation of the Human Relations Commission just to name a few. Prince George's County is now the wealthiest African American-majority County in the United States. This success is thanks in no small part to the NAACP, which has always resolutely placed them in the vanguard of the struggle for equality.

Yet despite all that has been accomplished over the years there is still much to be done. Racial profiling is a pervasive policy in both the workplace and in many police departments all over the country, unequal law enforcement on young black men, and threats to voter access shows that the work championed by the NAACP is as important today as it was 106 years ago at its founding. So while it is right that we look back and recognize all the progress that has been made under their leadership, we also must look to the future to what remains to be accomplished under the continued leadership of the NAACP.

PERSONAL EXPLANATION

**HON. ELIZABETH H. ESTY**

OF CONNECTICUT

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

*Friday, February 13, 2015*

Ms. ESTY. Mr. Speaker, I want to state that on Thursday, February 12, I unfortunately missed two roll call votes as I was attending the bill signing ceremony at the White House for the Clay Hunt Suicide Prevention for American Veterans Act, of which I am a proud original cosponsor. This law will go a long way to increase access to mental health care and suicide prevention resources for military servicemembers and veterans. Had I been present I would have voted:

1. NO—Ordering the Previous Question on H. Res. 101

I would have voted no in order to allow a vote on H.R. 861, a clean funding bill for the Department of Homeland Security through the end of fiscal year 2015, which would prevent a partial government shutdown and provide certainty that DHS operations to protect Americans will proceed without interruption.

2. NO—Approving H. Res. 101

I would have voted no on H. Res. 101, which prevented the House from considering any amendments to either H.R. 644 or H.R. 636.